Earle Thomas
Charles Turner His Poem
1488.99.27.

WHITBY,

A

POEM.

(Price Two-Pence.)

Anthony
1st 2000
Mrs ... vaggish
Whitby a Poem
Price two pence
By Samuell Jones Poet
Mrs Mary Tu

WHITBY,

A

POEM.

OCCASIONED BY

Mr. *Andrew Long*'s Recovery from the *Jaundice*, by drinking of *Whitby* Spaw-Waters.

By *Samuel Jones*, Gen^t^

YORK:

Printed by *Grace White*, for *Tho. Hammond*, *Junior*, Bookseller, and Sold by *A. Bettesworth* in *Pater-Noster-Row*, *A. Dodd* without *Temple-Barr*, *London*, Anno Dom. 1718.

WHITBY,

A

POEM.

THE learn'd Inventers of each lib'ral Art, *To Mr. LONG, a brief Introduction.*
The Muſes always render'd their Deſert;
Your wiſe Experiment then juſtly claims,
An equal Portion with thoſe Author's Names;
And if my Muſe to your Exploit had Skill,
As large an Interſtice of Time ſhou'd fill.

Tho-

Tunbridge and *Epſom* ſhou'd to *WHITBY* yield
When thy Recovery to the World's reveal'd;
(Fine air'd *Montpelier* and the *German* Spaw,
A ſtranger Alteration never ſaw)
Death ſtaring in his Face impatient ſtood,
But Life's reſtor'd by this moſt precious Flood.

A Succinct Account of the Water's Vertue.

When touch'd with *Gall, the water tinctur'd flows,*
And try'd with *Brandy* black as Ink it grows;
Weigh'd in the Golden Ballance turns the Scale,
As riſing from the righteſt Mineral:
All *Britiſh* Waters now in uſe excels,
And e'ry way Men's Maladies repels;
By Vomit, Stool, or Urine, Glorious Spring!
Which to afflicted Man ſuch Eaſe can bring.

The

The Air ſalubrious, and the Sea juſt by
Shews various Objects to the Drinker's Eye;
There Ships of ſundry ſorts do ſweep the Main,
And the ſurpriz'd Spectator entertain:
While WHITBY-ABBEY on the Land no leſs,
With lofty Head in Proſpect ſtrives to bleſs;
Pleaſures ſo great, ſuppoſe the Waters miſs,
Who cou'd be angry at a Joy like this?

For the Sight an Entertainment.

Here ſuch as Bathing love may ſurely find,
The moſt Compleat Reception of that kind;
And what the Drinking cannot purge away,
Is Cur'd with eaſe by Dipping in the Sea.

To remove old Aches and Pains, and to preſerve health the beſt thing in the World.

Not

Good Company.

Not quite a Mile off, *Whitby* Town remains,
Where Loyalty in Truth and Candor reigns;
Our Gracious *George*'s Kingdoms cannot shew,
Subjects that to their Sovereign are more true:
If this do Principles deprav'd offend,
We know their Cauſe, the well will diſcommend.

The fineſt PIER *in* England, *and for thoſe that Love walking the raveſt that can be.*

Two noble Piers, as no way elſe are found,
Reduce the Ocean to its ancient Bound;
And guard the Silver Esk on either ſide,
Whoſe gentle Streams towards their Mother glide.
By conſtant Running drive the Sand away,
And keep an open Entry for the Sea.
O th' Weſtern Pier! a walk, a work moſt rare,
Worthy thoſe Men that have it under Care.

Moſt

Moſt happy Port ——————— *For the Taſte the fineſt Iſh.*

Neptune, well pleas'd, comes twice a Day to ſee
Which of his Rarities will pleaſure thee;
Here the delicious *Turbutt*'s at a Price,
Which ſerves both Luxury and Avarice;
Here the ſlow *Crab* and valu'd *Lobſters* ſell,
So low; as *Billings-gate* wou'd ſcorn to tell:
While *Cods* Heads in that Market are renown'd,
Here, only keep the Poor, manure the Ground.

Beneath the Eaſtern Cliff upon the Scarr, *The Serpentine Stones ſo Famous in Hiſtory.*
Are Stones ſerpentine paſſing Wonder far;
Strange to behold, Incredible to tell,
Which in their Entrails headleſs Snakes conceal.

Here Nature has been Frolick, for no Art
To this cou'd living Subſtances ſubvert;
As the Fam'd Legend of *St. Hilda* ſays,
A Story Plauſible in Ignorant Days.
Here ſuch as Nature Secrets ſearch may try,
Their utmoſt Art and rare Philoſophy.

For the Ear and all the other Senſes.

For thoſe that with the Fair their Minds unbend,
Who in Loves ſofteſt Hours their Time do ſpend;
High up the River Pleaſure keeps her Seat,
Where Bliſsful Joys are ever moſt compleat.
There Eccho at a Diſtance greets the Voice,
And doubles Muſick moſt harmonious Joys;

While

While both the Banks are cover'd o'er with Trees,
And all Serene and Raviſhing one ſees.
The Water gentle Murmurs to the Mind
Gives peaceful Thoughts, and make them more (refin'd;
While Nature's Choriſters on e'ry Tree
Chant forth their uninſtructed Harmony.
Here Cynicks may be mov'd and brought to yield
In Pleaſures innocent, but ample Field.

For ſuch as manlike Exerciſes love, *For Shooting and Setting.*
Who on the wiſedſt Fowl their Skill approve,
With Notts and Dogs ſurprize the wary Game,
Or with their Pieces a ſure Shot proclaim.

The distant Heath with *Groose* and *Grey* abound,
And in the Woods the noble *Pheasant*'s found;
Not *South* or *North*; No, not fam'd *Chivet* Hills,
The Sportsman's heart with so much *Transport* fills.

The finest ALLOM-*Works in the World.*

Sandsend, my Muse, as yet unsung remains,
'Gainst which the Pope each Year a Curse ordains;
Bell Book and Candle helps the Work's Encrease,
To make more *Allom* than his Holiness.
Thro'out the Year not one revolving Day,
But does for Urine thrice one Noble pay;
No single Work in *Europe* yet has shown,
So great and clear an Income to its Crown:

Most

Here the moſt Curious may be ſatisfy'd,

Where honeſt Art and Induſtry reſide.

Thus you the *Well* and Parts ſurrounding view, *Concluſion.*

Exceeding all Things elſe in Miles ſo few.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 59
JUN